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YOUNG WINGS

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

In the United States and Canada

APRIL 1951



Y O U N G W I N G S

From The Junior Literary Guild

Helen Ferris, Editor-in-Chief

Ruth Clement Hoyer, Editor of *Young Wings*

Where Yesterday's Trails Have Led

THE ROADS of today are fine roads, smooth and broad roads. Many are four-lane or six-lane express highways without cross traffic or stop lights, dangerous curves or steep climbs. Motorists save hours upon hours of driving time on these highways



and on specially constructed roads—some rising above the street level and others dropping below—through cities where before all traffic had been slowed to almost a crawl.

Were roads always as fine as these? Indeed not. You probably have never ridden on any other kind of road, but your parents may recall narrow roads and bumpy rides when they were young. And Grandfather or Grandmother can tell of motor

rides where Great-grandfather, like the man in the picture, spent more time under his automobile than he did behind its wheel.

What has brought this great change? The bicycle and the cycle clubs may have started the cry for good roads. But it was really the horseless wagon—the great-grandfather of today's motor car—which made people see the need for better roads and more of them. And now over three million miles of roads connect all parts of our great continent.

The story of roads—how they started and where they have gone and are going—is a fascinating one. It is told for you older boys by Val Hart in her new book, *The Story of American Roads*. You'll read of thrilling adventures while building the Alaskan Highway, the Pan-American, and other roads.

The author is a new Junior Guild friend. She is introduced to you on pages eight and nine.

The Story of American Roads by Val Hart is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for older boys. It is published in the regular trade edition by William Sloane Associates at \$3.00. Dewey Classification: 388.9. Subject headings: 1. Roads, American. 2. Transportation.

Why Follow One Pattern?

AT LAST the mail was here. Cress dashed out of the house and across the lawn to the mailbox. For a week now she had kept watch on the postman. Everything depended on the reply from the Sequoia Club.

Only a real crisis could ever have persuaded the Pomeroy to let Cress accompany her brother on the Sierra trail trip. For two summers Dennis had spent his vacations from college with the Sequoia Club, serving on the staff to pay his way. So when this crisis arose, Dennis suggested the trip as a solution. Mother was still protesting, but she and Dad had given their consent. It all hinged now on whether there was a cancellation, for the list had been filled for some time.

The crisis was one which only a Pomeroy would consider a crisis. Cress did not want to go to college. Her senior grades were not good enough to admit her to college—she had even flunked chemistry. But a Pomeroy without a college education was unthinkable. The greatest thing in Mother's life



was the time she spent at college. Father, a Phi Beta Kappa, headed the classics department at college. Dennis had upheld the family pattern by being practically a straight-A student right into college pre-med. So imagine the uproar when Cress announced she cared nothing for college! Dennis came to her rescue by suggesting that the trail trip would give her a chance to think things over.

The letter arrived. There *was* a vacancy. And off Cress went to a summer far different from any she had ever had, far more thrilling than she had dreamed possible. That, older girls, is the start of your new book, *Hoofbeats on the Trail* by Vivian Breck.

On page ten Vivian Breck, already a Junior Guild author, tells more about her own experiences in the Sierras. The artist, Hubert Buel, also knows those mountains, as you will see on page eleven.

Hoofbeats on the Trail by Vivian Breck is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for older girls. It is published in the regular trade edition by Doubleday & Co., Inc., at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Camping—Fiction.



No Telling What Will Happen Next

ALL SORTS of things were happening all the time at Brinker's Hotel. Even if Mama and Father were away every day playing at the Palace, there was always something to do. It wasn't everyone who had such a good friend as "Uncle Dan." Here he was the best magician in the world, and yet he had time to come to visit almost every day and could pull lollipops from anywhere.

Then there were the Marinellos—Mr. and Mrs., Antonio, Francesco, Joseph, and Teresa. All but Teresa, the baby, were skillful jugglers. Sometimes they practiced juggling in their hotel room, using oranges, and Deborah watched them or played with Teresa.

And never, never to be forgotten was the day Booji, the seal, flip-flapped all the way down from the ninth floor to the door of Room 307, where he surprised Uncle Dan with a wet smack.

Yes, there was plenty going on. But Deborah was not too happy. Father—and Mama, too—had an offer to play Shakespeare in England. Deborah could go along, Father said. But when it came to High Smoke, he announced firmly, "That doll house stays behind."

How could she leave High Smoke behind? It was not a doll house, but an exact copy of Gramp and Gran Pringle's house where Deborah had spent a wonderful week when she was about five. Gramp made the house, and

Gran furnished it, and they gave it to Deborah. Every day she sat by her High Smoke and dreamed she was visiting the Pringles again. Now Deborah decided to act, and what she did changed not only her own life but the lives of the Marinellos and Uncle Dan as well. Read the story, nine, ten, and eleven year olds, in your new book, *High Smoke*, written and illustrated by Audrey Chalmers, a brand-new Junior Guild friend. You will meet her on page seven.

High Smoke by Audrey Chalmers is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 9, 10, and 11 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by The Viking Press, Inc., at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction).



It Really Pays to Pick Cherries

*Off for a sail
on Green Bay*



THE Browns needed a new car terribly. Not a new *new* car, of course, but just a new second-hand car. Their car had worked for them a long, long time. It would have fallen apart ages ago if Dad had not been such a good mechanic. It could not hold together much longer, though. So the Browns had to get another one somehow. But how could they ever do it?

Then one day Dad came home with wonderful news. They were all driving eastward for a vacation at Cherryland in Wisconsin. They would spend about six weeks camping in Cherryland State Park on the shore of Green Bay. How would that buy the new second-hand car? Well, you see, Grandpa, Danny, and Carrie would take care of the camp while Mother and Dad got jobs in the cherry orchards only a few miles from the camp.

And so the Browns packed all the camping things inside the car or tied them on outside. Grandpa's rocking chair went on top—he would not move a foot without

it. They squeezed the dog on top of the bedding, and then they all climbed in. Off they started on the long ride from Needles, Nebraska, to Cherryland, Wisconsin.

One day Danny went to pick cherries, too. Why? For that an-



swer you will have to wait, youngest Members, until you read your new book, *Rocky Point Campers*, written and illustrated by Jane Rietveld, already a Junior Guild friend. Turn to the next page and you will read about the Rietvelds' camping neighbors and what they had to do with this story.

Rocky Point Campers by Jane Rietveld is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 6, 7, and 8 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by The Viking Press, Inc., at \$2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction).

The Story Started with a Real Family

by Jane Rietveld



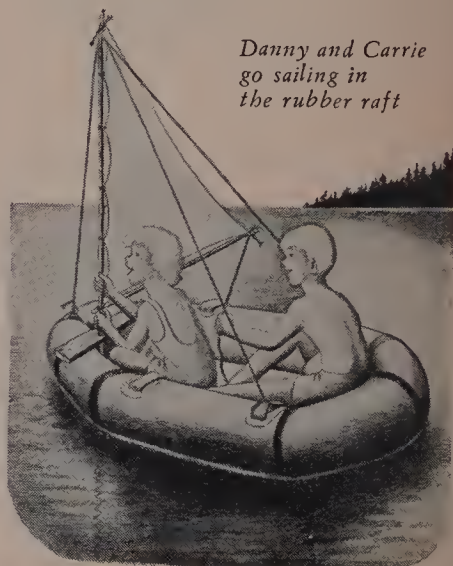
An old friend of the Junior Guild returns — Jane Rietveld, author-artist

DURING the summer my husband and I go as many week ends as we can to our favorite camping spot north of Milwaukee, in Door County, Wisconsin. We pack our car with camping equipment and spend the days swimming, fishing, sailing, eating, and getting a sun tan.

Several summers ago we had colorful camping neighbors. Their camp had a lived-in look that comes when campers settle down for a long stay. An old white-haired man sat in a comfortable rocking chair. Late in the afternoon two healthy-looking youngsters came skipping into camp with a dog at their heels. While we were having supper, an old flivver arrived with such a racket that every camper turned to stare. The children's parents, dressed in working overalls, had come home, and the family unit was complete. As we prepared to return to Milwaukee Sunday evening, I offered them some fruit we had left over,

and we talked for a minute. They were from Nebraska, the parents were picking cherries, and they were all having one whale of a good time, I learned.

That winter as I was searching



Danny and Carrie go sailing in the rubber raft

for characters and a plot for a camping story, I remembered this family. My imagination went to work, and so *Rocky Point Campers* began to unfold. I enjoyed doing the drawings tremendously. My nephew Gary and my niece Julie modeled for me. Many times I have wished I knew the names of the real family so that I could tell them the pleasure I had using them for my book. How little we know when we'll put to use the impressions we gather along the way! This story is a good example.

I Love Books and Libraries

by Audrey Chalmers

I WAS born in Montreal, Canada, on May 27, 1893. After our mother's death we children went to live with three maiden aunts in the small town of Cobourg on Lake Ontario: Aunt Lou, Aunt Say, and Aunt Lyd.

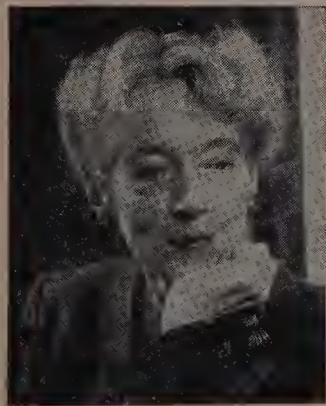
Aunt Lou was the town librarian for years. Goodness! I haven't forgotten, and never will forget, the feel of the Cobourg Public Library on those evenings when I, age ten or thereabouts, used to call for Aunt Lou before closing hour. There would be just time enough to choose a book, maybe from the fairy tale row—and later from the books by Charles Dickens—before helping

Aunt Lou also kept hens and gave each a name. This meant they could never be turned into roast chicken—one simply can't carve up a Victoria!—and they remained in the hen-run "eating their heads off," as Aunt Say put it, long after they ceased laying eggs for the family's use.

Aunt Say was the dominating one. During especially bossy moments Aunt Lou would address Aunt Say as "Jenkins." The title was prompted by a popular game of that day: "Jenkins says thumbs up! Jenkins says thumbs down!"

Aunt Lyd, who kept us all happy and gay, is the inspiration for Gran Pringle in *High Smoke*.

After completing grade school in Cobourg and Havergal College in Toronto, I came to New York to teach kindergarten. I was teaching and I had married when I wrote my first book, *Stovepipe Man*. The pub- (Turn to page 15)



Audrey Chalmers,
our new
Junior
Literary
Guild
author-
artist

Photo by
Arni

to put last things away and turn out the lights as the town clock struck nine. Then we would lock up, and I would walk home beside Aunt Lou along King Street, quiet at that late hour. I can even remember the enormous brass key with which we locked the door.





Val Hart
and her
daughter
Martha,
otherwise
"Honey"



"Where Do Roads Start and by

YOUNG people do come up with the hardest questions to tax their all-knowing elders! One day, out of the clearest sky, my daughter Martha asked me, "Where do roads start and where do they end?" I made one of those little humming sounds in a bid for time, and the humming lasted for three years and through hundreds of books about roads and over countless miles of travel. I certainly sympathized with Martha and her question, for it once bothered me, too. Now I am handing to her—and to others like her—my answer in my book, *The Story of American Roads*.

I was born in Richmond, Virginia, on June 22, 1913. But I was quite young when we moved to West Point, a long narrow town with rivers on three sides—the Mattaponi River, the Pamunkey River, and the York River. The woods which my five sisters, my one brother, and I roamed were made famous in our history by Chief Powhatan and his daughter Pocahontas. In those woods the Indian chief must have watched his daughter playing her own primitive games. She must have seen the oyster shells all about, as we saw them. She, too, must have heard the same whimseying breezes in the marsh grass, and she was probably as fascinated as we in the flights of the river birds.

To me the two big rivers had

The photographs on these pages are

here Do They End?"

art

seemed like roads. Had they been roads to Pocahontas, too, as she watched the dugouts and canoes of her red people journey up and down the rivers? Up and down the rivers. Where were they going? Where had they been? Those were the questions I often asked myself as I stood by the pier to watch the evening boat come in. All this came back to me in my daughter's question.

Of course there were some real roads, especially the one that led to Richmond. How joyfully we followed it—in spite of bumps and mires—when Father took us in the fall to get new school clothes! But how sorrowfully when he took us for vaccinations or on other trips to the doctor!

I always liked Richmond, for it was the editorial seat of my first writing efforts. Like hundreds of other children, I contributed faithfully to the Children's Page of the *Times-Dispatch* and wore a little celluloid button to show I belonged.

I liked the newspaper, not only because it gave me my first writing chance, but also because its reporters wrote such fine feature stories. One name I watched a lot—the by-line name, Scott Hart. I used to marvel at how that man could write. And—well, I married him. Now we do a lot of writing together, and we and Martha, our daughter, live in Washington, D.C.

The Story of American Roads"





Vivian
Breck, the
author of
Junior
Guild's
"Hoofbeats
on the
Trail"

And the Books Survived!

by Vivian Breck

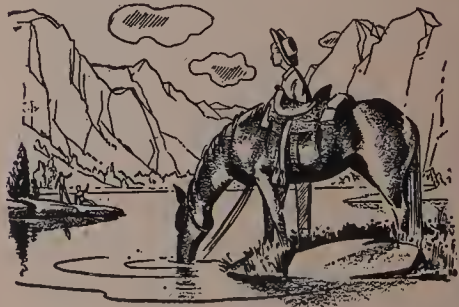
mule carrying the books became jittery in the darkness and smashed against a tree. All the books, including "Charlotte's brains," went flying over the side of a cliff into the night-black canyon below.

ON ITS trips the Sierra Club of California carries a small library to amuse its members when they are not hiking or fishing or climbing to the top of something. The books are kept in a wooden kyack, or packsack, roped to the back of a mule. Last year my book, *High Trail*, was added to the library. For two weeks it traveled safely beside a fat loose-leaf notebook popularly known as "Charlotte's brains." In this notebook Charlotte, our manager, kept complete records of which box carried bacon and which was full of dried apples and gingerbread mix and so on. Without the record she would go mad trying to organize meals.

My husband and I joined the pack trip in July. At the end of the first day's walk we were greeted with: "Charlotte has lost her brains." We learned that the packers and a few of the campers had taken a short-cut which, besides being steep and rough, was anything but short. Some of the slower walkers did not get into camp until midnight, and the library failed to arrive at all. The



Camping in high mountains brings adventure and peril and—romance



A Family of Artists

by Hubert Buel

I WAS born near Sutter's Fort in Sacramento, California, on March 11, 1915. Later I lived in Fresno, attending school there. Summers my family spent in the cool mountains of the Sierra Nevada. There I learned to swim and catch trout. When I was fourteen and my brother Bob, twelve, we and a burro named Pete went camping in the Kings River Canyon and Paradise Valley.

Once we had a club called the Bloody Pirates. This club dissolved when one member moved away. Since we were left with a box of stationery hand-stenciled

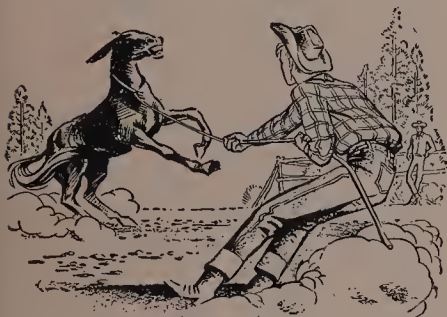
Hubert Buel, the artist for Junior Guild's "Hoofbeats on the Trail"



"B.P.," we promptly formed a new club named Black Panthers. The Panthers (both of us) organized an art exhibit showing the work of our friends. This was a great success because we had a gallon of ice cream and four cakes for refreshments.

My father, Arthur V. Buel, was an artist. He gave me such valuable criticism that my first picture won a blue ribbon at the Fresno County Fair. Ever since then, I have studied art, painted, and exhibited my work. I earned my college tuition by drawing portraits and caricatures at carnivals and fairs. During World War II, I was first a journeyman shipfitter and then a commissioned officer in the Navy. I have been an ostrich and alligator specialist at Walt Disney studios and have done set-designs and illustrations for Twentieth-Century Fox. Now I am staff artist on the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

My wife, Barbara Astrella, is a fine painter. And our daughters—Ann, age five, and Catherine, age two—are showing talent, especially on their bedroom walls.



It takes patience and skill to handle a mule—stubborn and often jittery



JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

Our Book Club Members are the authors of these pages. You, too, may write for them if you receive Junior Guild books at home, or if you read them in school or at the public library. The best letters received are published here and those who write them become Honor Members.

WHAT I THINK OF MY JUNIOR GUILD BOOKS

Every Junior Guild Book Has Been Tops in Its Field

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I have been a member of the Junior Guild for five years, and I want to let you know that I have enjoyed being a member. One of the sad things of growing up is losing my membership in the Junior Guild, but I am happy that other boys and girls can keep on enjoying the companionship of your good books.

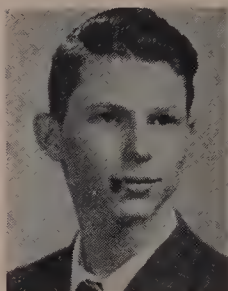
Every book has been wonderful. To pick out one as outstanding is impossible. I have lived on a ranch all my life; so Walter Farley's series about the Black Stallion was especially interesting. *Bonny's Boy*, by F. E. Rechnitzer, was another favorite. I am very much interested in sports and have earned my block letter; so books such as *Backboard Magic*, by Howard M. Brier, were helpful. *Captain John Smith*, by Ruth Langland Holberg, gave more information on his life than any other book I have read. To sum it up, every book has been tops in its field and the variety of subjects has been exceptional.

I have my own library of over four hundred books. My folks started it when I was a year old. My earliest memories are of the family around the fireplace in the long winter evenings and my mother reading aloud to us.

My average in the high school course I am taking in a private boarding school has been A-. My teachers say it is because I have always read so much and I grasp the meaning quickly. I am working toward being a medical research scientist.

Sincerely yours,

DONALD BLOWER, AGE 17
FINLEY, CALIFORNIA



Donald Blower, Finley, California, and
Rosalie Somfleth, Clatskanie, Oregon

My Teacher Has Read My Junior Guild Books to Our Class

DEAR JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD:

I have enjoyed my Junior Guild books very much. I have taken some of them to school for my teacher to read to the class. The children liked them very much. All of the Junior Guild books are good, very good. But the two I enjoyed the most were *The Davenports* and *Cherry Pie*, by Alice Dalgliesh, and *The Mystery of the Gulls*, by Phyllis A. Whitney. All the other books were very good, but those were just a little better.

I am looking forward to the coming of my new book each month.

Yours sincerely,

ROSALIE SOMFLETH, AGE 12
CLATSKANIE, OREGON

My Classmates All Enjoy My Junior Literary Guild Books

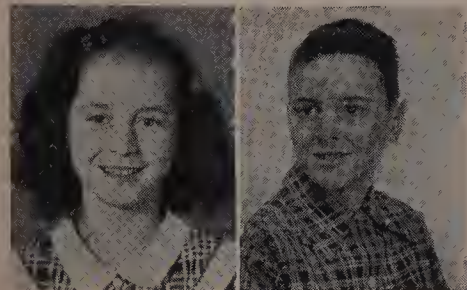
DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I have been receiving Junior Guild books for over two years. All of them have been very interesting. One of the most interesting books I have received

HONOR DEPARTMENT

In your letter, tell about your favorite Junior Guild books and why you like them. Put your name, age, and address on your letter and send in a snapshot of yourself. An inscribed book for your own library is awarded to the writer of every letter published in our Honor Department.

WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF OUR BOOK CLUB



Mar Jo Jenkins, Robeline, Louisiana, and
Kenneth Simmons, Grand Rapids, Mich.

is *Nellie and the Mayor's Hat*, by Charlotte Baker. I hope I can continue getting these books. I have let my classmates read my books, and they enjoy them very much.

Yours truly,
MAR JO JENKINS, AGE 9
ROBELINE, LOUISIANA

This Interesting Junior Guild Book Had Many Laughs

DEAR EDITOR:

We boys and girls at the Sibley School are all so happy that *The Door in the Wall*, by Marguerite de Angeli, won the Newbery Medal.

Our teacher, Mrs. Haven, read us the book. One day some boys in our room met our teacher downtown at the Main Library. At that time we were looking for stories of great artists and great composers. But Miss Burgess suggested that Mrs. Haven read *The Door in the Wall* to us. We thought it had many laughs and interesting things.

Sincerely yours,
KENNETH SIMMONS, AGE 11
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

I Like This Junior Guild Book because It Isn't True

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I like the pictures and the colors of the rainbow. I like the book because it isn't true. The name of the book is *Jonathan and the Rainbow*. It was written by Jacob Blanck.

Sincerely yours,
BETTY FOELL, AGE 7
FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK

I Like Best the Pictures In This Junior Guild Book

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I think I like the pictures about when they had the sword fight and when the pirate caught the rainbow and put the rainbow in the cellar and Jonathan let the rainbow go.

The name of the book is *Jonathan and the Rainbow*, and it was written by Jacob Blanck.

Yours truly,
VITO RELLA, AGE 7
FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK

I Like Stories about Rainbows And Other Junior Guild Books

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I like the story *Jonathan and the Rainbow*, by Jacob Blanck, and I also like the pictures. I like Junior Guild books. I like when the pirate caught the rainbow, and I also like stories about rainbows. The pictures were painted by Louis Slobodkin. I didn't think the sign was scary.

Sincerely yours,
GIOVANNA VENEZIA, AGE 7
FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK



Terry Ann

Janet

Sherry

Mary

Norma

Marilyn P.

Again in 1950 Our Older Girls Become the Honor Group

For another year our older girls keep up their record as the Honor Group of the Honor Department. To celebrate this event, we are featuring twelve of the girls here. To each one will go an award of an inscribed book for her own library.

Terry Ann Mead of Pueblo, Colorado, finds Junior Guild books very good for school reports. She cannot pick a favorite, though, as they're all favorites. Janet Speas of Pontiac, Michigan, says, "The book I like best is *Turn in the Road*, by Marguerite Dickson, because I like books that have many struggles that are overcome so nicely."

From Green Bay, Wisconsin, comes word that Sherry Selvey chooses as her favorite *Pocketful of Feathers*, by Madeleine N. Myers. But Mary Kuryla of Erie, Pennsylvania, chooses *Cowgirl Kate*. "Enid Johnson's books," writes Mary, "have a quality I like. She has a technique which makes you feel you are living in the story."

As her favorite book Norma Cooper of Dorrance, Kansas, lists *The Seventh Step*, by Helen Girvan, and *Tree of Freedom*, by Rebecca Caudill. The latter book also receives the vote of Marilyn Postel of Davenport, Iowa.

Ann Rippstein of Hermann, Missouri, recommends *Far West Summer*, by Emma

Atkins Jacobs. "I sincerely praise your choice of books," she adds. One of the favorites of Margaret Landers of Spring Lake, New Jersey, is *High Trail*, by Vivian Breck. (Won't she be thrilled by her new book this month!) Junior Guild books are "full of the things that make a book really good," she says.

Stand Fast and Reply, by Lavinia R. Davis, is the book chosen by Helen Urmson of Sheridan, Wyoming, for her report. She also recommends: *The Scarlet Bird*, by Ethel Todd Anderson; *Patsy Jefferson of Monticello*, by Marguerite Vance; and *A Girl without a Country*, by Martha Lee Poston. Marilyn Hartman of Woodward, Iowa, selects *Candy*, by Robb White, for first place, and *Turn in the Road*, by Marguerite Dickson, for second place. Many of her friends borrow her Junior Guild books.

"I especially like Marguerite Vance's books, *Patsy Jefferson of Monticello* and *The Lees of Arlington*," writes Ginny Jo Traver of Williamsport, Maryland. *Candy*, by Robb White, receives another vote from Ina Pekarsky of Rockford, Illinois, who says that *Candy* and *The Tangled Skein*, by Alta Halverson Seymour, are the best of all the wonderful books she has received during her four years and more as a Junior Guild member.

Ann

Margaret

Helen

Marilyn H.

Ginny Jo

Ina



Behind the Scenes with Jay Gee, the Office Elf

All set, you older guys? Got your skis on and your skiing suit, mitts, and everything warm? If not, better step on it, for I'm just rarin' to go. What's that? No skiing now? Too warm at this



time of the year? Not where you're going, guys, if you stick with me and Brad. I'll see that you keep on your skis or snowshoes—or at least on your toes—every minute. Something's mighty strange. No one can find a single trace of Max. It's up to you. Now off with our skis and up on our horses, you nine, ten, and eleven year olds. We're heading for a ghost town. That's what I said. A town with not a single person there. But, say—look!

Did I see someone? Mystery! Oo-oo-oo! Watch out!

A big jump eastward for you youngest Members—all the way to Spoon Island and Doughnut Island and Teapot Island. Hey, look at those three guys. I'm seeing things! Each one looks just like the other two. Can't be true! But Helen Ferris says it is. Any one of them is fun, she says. Think of the excitement with three. Hey, older gals, you've a long, long way to go, still farther eastward. Better thumb a ride on the steamship I and Francie are sailing on. We'll see that you get there safely—rather, I'll see to it. Francie is going to have all she can do taking care of herself. A girls' boarding school in England isn't a bit like high school in the U.S.A. Still Francie will come through in the end.

I Love Books and Libraries

(Continued from page 7)

lisher tried the manuscript on the second graders at the Friends' School. The boys and girls sent back enthusiastic reviews in favor of Stovie.

My training for writing and illustrating has come partly through the doing of it and partly through the help and inspiration given me by May Massee, with whom I've worked since 1941. But I think it all really started in the Cobourg Public Library. I've loved books and

libraries ever since. There's a library near our apartment on Avenue B opposite Tompkins Square in New York. When I stand on the terrace, I can see the children streaming in and out after school. Looking down in the other direction, I'm likely to see the top of a gay whirling musical carousel behind a patient old brown horse. Under the cornice of our terrace two friendly sparrows have built their nest. At times one sees stories here, there, and everywhere—and then I'm glad all over again that I'm writing and illustrating books for boys and girls.

With the Junior Guild Everywhere



Exciting plans of all kinds are in the air for celebrating the Spring Book Festival, May twelfth through May nineteenth. Your teacher or your librarian may obtain a copy of the beautiful Festival poster by writing to Carolyn Coggins, 230 West 41 Street, New York 18, New York. This year's poster was designed by the popular author-artist, Margot Austin. The only charge for the poster is the cost of postage in mailing. Be sure to have a picture taken of your Spring Book Festival celebration. If you wear costumes, can't you go outdoors, where you can get a good clear snapshot? When the pictures are ready, be sure to send them, along with a story of your celebration, to Helen Ferris for YOUNG WINGS.



We are proud to have as our cover for this month's YOUNG WINGS the fine painting which was made by the new Junior Guild artist, Hubert Buel, for the jacket of the book, *Hoofbeats on the Trail* by Vivian Breck. The author is already well known to the Junior Literary Guild through her popular *High Trail*. Both stories are about the Sierras.



Our thanks go to the teachers and librarians who have sent us such splendid letters from the boys and girls: to Miss Eleanor S. Burgess, Chief of the Children's Department of the Grand Rapids Public Library in Grand Rapids, Michigan, for the letter



From "*Hoofbeats on the Trail*"

by Kenneth Simmons and his picture on page thirteen; to Mrs. Pearl S. Maybach, Librarian of the John B. Young Junior High School in Davenport, Iowa, for the picture of Marilyn Postel on page fourteen and her letter; and to Mrs. Dorothy Sime Lynch, Teacher of the Second Grade in the John Lewis Childs School in Floral Park, New York, for the letters from Betty Foell, Vito Rella, and Giovanna Venezia on page thirteen. A picture of the Second Graders appears in the March, 1951, issue of YOUNG WINGS. We are always happy to receive letters and pictures for the YOUNG WINGS Honor Department.



We are also welcoming back this month Jane Rietveld, who wrote and illustrated our selection for the youngest Members, *Rocky Point Campers*. Mrs. Rietveld is the author-artist of another story of Wisconsin which was a Junior Guild selection: *Nicky's Bugle*.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

Garden City, New York

Toronto, Canada

The Junior Literary Guild is the Book Club for all young readers between the ages of six and sixteen. With the yearly membership each Member receives one new book every month for a year—twelve books in all—and a copy of YOUNG WINGS with every book. Your friends will be glad to know about our Book Club. Full information may be obtained from The Junior Literary Guild, Garden City, New York.

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